THE Numb. 47.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Friday October 21, to Monday October 24, 1709.

SOME Ladies were of Opinion, that this Paper would gain me Enemies, inſtead of which, ſince I publiſhed an Account of my Perſon and Family, Lovers croud in upon me like Petitioning Attorneys to be Clerk of a Hall. The *La-Fools* of *France*, the *Renegadoes* of *Spain*, the *Van Butterboxes* of *Holland*, the *O' Devillies* of *Ireland*, the *Ap Shinkins* of *Wales*, and the *Tre-Loobies* of *Cornwall*; but as my Marriage is not of Conſequence to all *Europe*, I excuſed my ſelf to Foreign Pretenders, in as Complaiſant Terms, as 'tis to be ſuppoſed, they Addreſs'd me, thinking an *Alliance* greater with one of my own Nation. The *Tatter-demallions*, a very Antient and Numerous Family, a Branch of it being to be found in almoſt ev'ry County, perceiving that the *Crackenthorpes* valued themſelves more upon Birth than Fortune, have hurry'd to me in great numbers, and Sir *Threadbare-Gentry* of that *Line* by the Mother's ſide, who ev'ry day Walks the Park from Twelve to Three; *Duke Humphry* dining later than the Comonalty, with a Twiſted Perriwig a little upon the Sandy; an *Oliverian* Black Coat, with a few *Nutmeg* Buttons, Mourning for the reſt; a pair of Stockings with here and there a ſtitch fall'n, and ſomething like a Neckloath, wou'd take no Denial, but telling him, tho' I had a particular regard for the *Gentries*, my Old *Lady Gentry*, and my Mother having the ſame Midwife, yet my Circumſtances were not ſufficient to raiſe a Family, and as the Pride of the *Crackenthorpes* was ever too great to do themſeves a wilful Prejudice, he walked off to Petition for a Penſion. One of almoſt every Claſs has done me the Honour of a Viſit on that ſcore, which ſtill gives me a further Penetration into Mankind; for Courtſhip does certainly diſcover Peoples Senſe and Education, more than any other Undertaking, tho their Tempers are often fatally conceal'd till after Conſummation. Some Addreſs a Lady ſo Sheepiſhly, and with ſo much Fear and Trembling, that ſhe's forced to ſpeak firſt; others, with ſo much Aſſurance, preſſing our Conſent at firſt ſight, that a Modeſt Woman's confounded at the Queſtion; ſome after ſo Romantick a manner, that they provoke our Laughter, and others ſo vainly, that they ſeem rather making Love to themſelves As ſome People's way of Courtſhip too gives us the Spleen, I cou'd n't forbear being touched at Sir *John Brutes* Behaviour, it proving to me the Degeneracy of Country Gentlemen; he brought his Hawk and his Dogs into the *Drawing-Room*, ſaluted me with a Hiccup, and told me, he had been Drinking ſix Quarts to my Health, at the *Devil*; that if I d marry *Brute* of *Brute-Hall*, I ſhou'd have the Coach, when the Horſes did n't go to Plow, and if his Sports and Boon Companions wou'd give him time, perhaps he might get an Heir to his Eſtate; then call'd for ſome Small Beer, broke the Glaſs, and reel'd out again. Such a Husband muſt try a Woman's Virtue, as well as Patience; the ends of Matrimony are no wiſe anſwer'd there, and ſhe that aſſociates with a Sapleſs, Sottiſh, *unlick'd* Squire, brings herſelf under a Thouſand Inquietudes, and in a manner degenerates from her Species. He was ſucceeded by Sir *Jaſper Fidget*, one of thoſe Loving Animals that *Pat* and *Paw* their Wives; call 'em *Puddy* and *Bunny*, and *Tuſſy*, play at *Tag* and *Creep Mouſe*, with the pretty Cant of *Liva Hubby, one Buſs, Bun do——'Ou be Croſs Tit now, dood mind beat'ee and tump'ee Sadly*; always Slopping, and ſo ful of Childiſh Tricks before Company, that they become a Jeſt to the whole Town, withal ſo free from Jealouſy, that ſhou'd the Husband diſcover a Man in private with his Wife, he wou'd n't for the World enter the Room, for fear of interrupting their Buſineſs. The *Fidgets*, I remember, were a *Huntingdon-ſhire* Family; the Women were ever Sprightly, Witty, Apprehenſive Laſſes, but the Men have been always Fools, as it often happens in other Families. I told Sir *Jaſper*, we ſhou'd make a more unſuitable Couple in Underſtanding than Sir *Dapper* and my *Lady Maypole* do in Size, who, when he hangs about her Neck to kiſs her, looks like a Sweet Bread upon a Breaſt of Veal; that my Notions of Love were *Platonick*, I hated the ſilly Toying, and nauſeous Cooing of new marry'd People; and as with all my Scribling, I abominated the Vulgar Character of *wearing the Breeches*, ſo I wou'd chuſe a Man that is fit to ſupport the Weakneſs and Correct the Frailties of my Sex, ſuperior in Senſe, and equal in Diſpoſition; I was next attack'd by a *Lancaſhire* Gentleman, a Man of Learning, good Manners, Maturity and Eſtate, his Perſon pleas'd me, his Addreſſes ſeem'd ſo Sincere, Genteel and Unaffected, and his Converſation ſo agreeable that I immediately received an *Impreſſion* from him, admitted him at all Seaſons, and deny'd my ſelf to other *Pretenders*, our Sentiments on moſt Subjects were the ſame, nay, our Appetites jumpt at Table, ev'ry Trifle concurr'd to our mutual Satisfaction, and I now concluded my ſelf diſpos'd of, till by an unlucky Queſtion, which knock'd all on the head, I found him to be a *Roman Catholick*; the *ſurprize* I was in, gave him no ſmall *Confuſion*, and tho he aſſur'd me, he wou'd always avoid thoſe diſputes, and I knew my ſelf Proof to the moſt inſinuating Arguments, or vigorous Attacks, yet as in Marriage a Thought is to be had beyond our immediate Selves, that is, our *Progeny*, I was forc'd to diſmiſs him with all the reluctancy imaginable, having obſerv'd in various Families, that where the Parents have different *Religions*, ſuch Feuds ariſe about 'em, that the Children have often none; this

this Disappointment made me almost resolve upon Dying a Maid, but the matter getting Air, I had the Multitude again, a *Courtier* pass'd often by the Door, and peep'd up at the Windows, but Places are Precarious, there must be some Removes to give every body a turn of Preferment; a *Clergyman* bow'd to me out of the Pulpit, but their Progeny are but indifferently provided for, since *Parsons*, who have the smallest Livings are generally blest'd with the most Children; a *Knight-Merchant* sent a Messuage to me, but cou'd not prove himself a *Gentleman*; and a *Portugueze Jew* had the Assurance to Write to me, but I smelt his Letter at the Door, and order'd it not to be receiv'd; but amongst all my Lovers I have had no Beaus, they are a sort of Languid Creatures between both Sexes, that love their *Ease* and the *Opera*, and their Wit is turn'd only to make a Jest of so Sacred an *Ordinance*; upon the whole, an Ingenious *Lawyer*, a Man in *Vogue*, and Business, who will not only get an Estate, but knows how to preserve it, whose Profession is honourable, and whose Parts must be acute, is the Person I wou'd chuse to make an *Alliance* with.

†‡† *Mrs.* Deputy Bustle, *who is remarkably known at* Newgate Market, *for having her Gowns so much like the Butchers Boys* Killing-Aprons, *and every thing so exactly agreeable, except her Hands and Face, which are generally Blacker, is desired if she intends to get her Husband any other Office, or Place of Preferment, or to continue him in that which he has, not to be so Conceitedly Vain, Imperious and Troublesome, even to her very Neighbours; and to use her Servants more like* Christians, *that the next Journey she takes into the Country, the whole Family may not put up their Prayers that she may never return again; and is cautioned not by her* Crotchets *and* Canundrums, *to run her Husband out more Money than ever she has got by 'em.*

*** *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, (*not to enlarge upon the Quarrel, that happen'd at the* Walloon *Church at* Canterbury) *thinks, that Disputes relating to the right of Preaching are more proper for the Vestry than the Pulpit, and that the Lady, who went up into the Pulpit to pull one of the Ministers out of it, wanted not Assurance.*

†‡† *On Saturday next, Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *intends to Dine in the City, to make a Friendly Accommodation of all Differences between her and several Worthy Persons there, who have fancy'd themselves aspers'd in this Paper; but that People shou'd say, Characters are too plain when they are continually inquiring, Who's meant by this Lady, and T'other Gentleman, seems to her a strange Contradiction; she likewise informs a certain Well-bred Gentleman, who swallows too, the Ridiculous Report of the Authors being a Man, and bouncing lately into a Coffee-House, cry'd,* —— *Well, what does this Scandalous Rogue, this Impudent Scoundrel say, with worse Phrases not fit to be told again to a Woman, that he never met with any such Expressions in her Writings.*

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